

The Voyageur



JULY

. . 1944 . .

Volume Seventeen



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THE DICTIONARY defines "education" as a process, a discipline of mind or character through study or instruction. It may refer also to a stage in the process of training such as a **college education**. It means the totality of the information and qualities acquired through instruction and training which further the development of an individual physically, mentally and morally. A university graduate should show by his speech, bearing, manners, conduct, efficiency and character that he has received the benefits of a college education.

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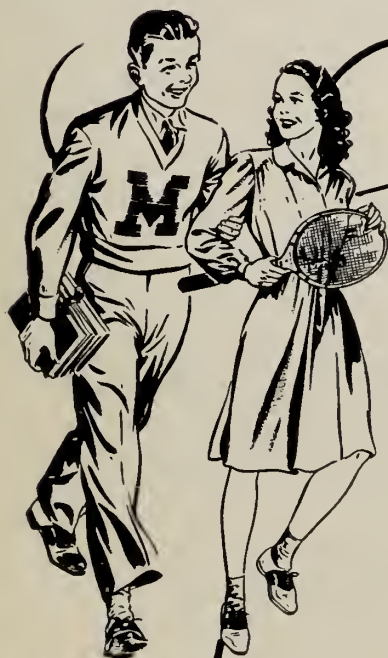
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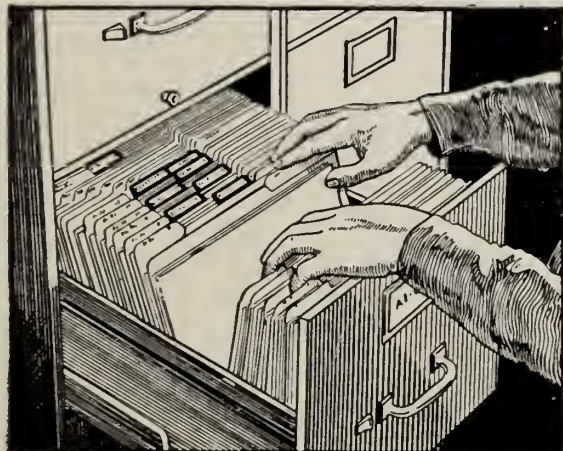
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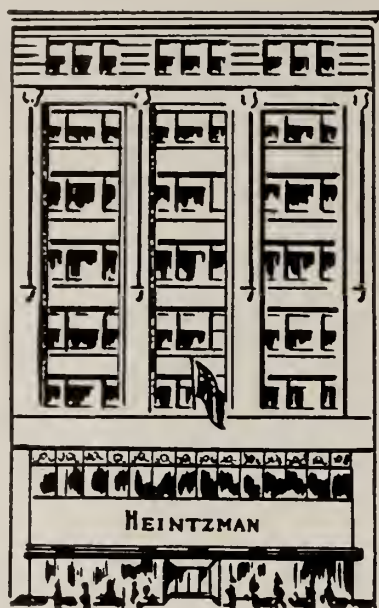
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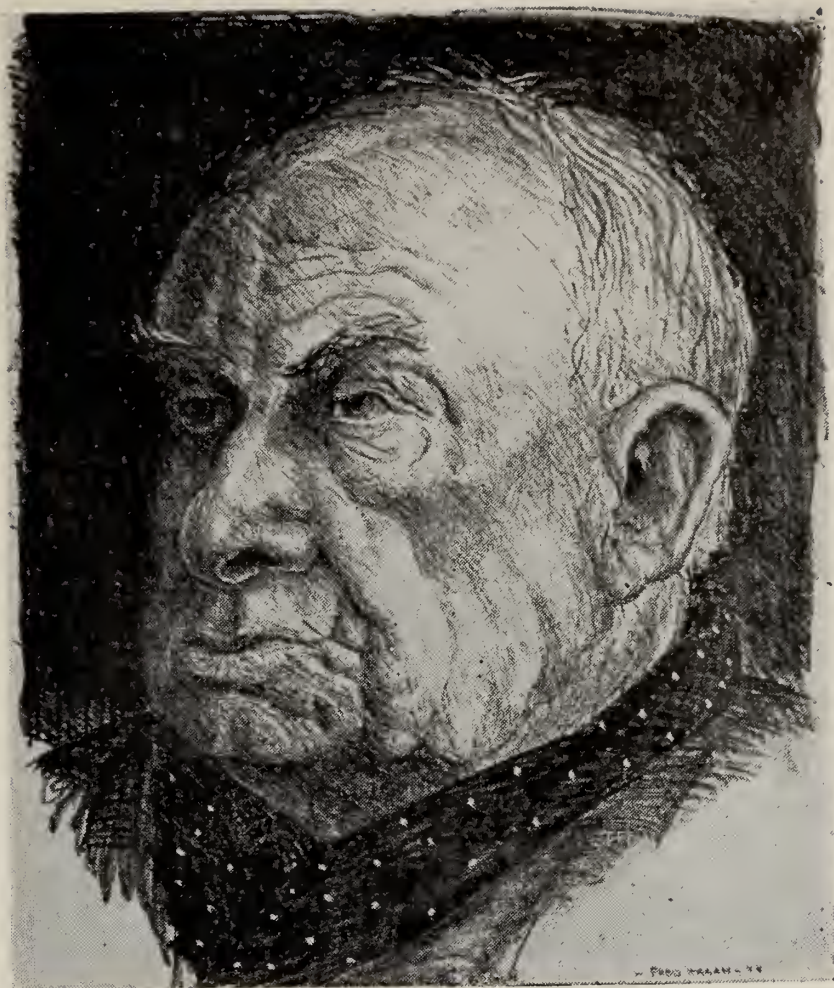
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*"It is what you do when you
don't have to that makes
you what you are when you
can't help it."*



The Era and Express
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
Founded 1852



PETER BROWN

From a lithograph by FRED HAGAN

To whose memory this volume is affectionately dedicated

K *KNOWN and loved by Pickering College Students for over thirty years*
"Peter" passed quietly away on February 14, 1944.

He came of pioneer Quaker stock, and lived all his life in Newmarket. He was employed the day the first sod was turned on this hill-top and remained continuously in the service of the College till his retirement a few years ago.

During the last months of his life he had been well enough to renew his friendships at the school and he was an honoured guest this year at our Christmas dinner, a party in which he had always had a particular joy. Peter lies buried in the country-side which he loved so well in the pioneer cemetery at Pine Orchard.

"His armour was his honest thought
And simple truth his finest skill."

A *On Graduation . . .*

AND as he left the Four Pillars behind him, he came into a fog. But in him was the light of the pillars.

For in his heart was Wisdom, and Loyalty, and Honesty, and Kindness. Although the road ahead of him was dark, he walked on into the darkness. And his shadow followed him.

When they were lost in the dampness of the mist he stopped and said:—

"Why is it that there is light in darkness, and darkness in light! and why is there pleasure in pain, and pain in pleasure; and why is there joy in sorrow and sorrow in joy?"

And the shadow answered:—

"Even as the bitter orange that you gather in the garden of your father is refreshing, so is there good in evil; and even when a cloud casts shadows, it brings moisture to your meadows. And as there is hardness of heart in kindness, so is there folly in wisdom, and falseness in honesty, and treachery in loyalty. But truth is truth as day is day, and night is night."

He thought in silence, and then said:—

"What then is a true man?"

And his shadow replied:—

"A true man is he who is kind in wisdom, and honest in loyalty—it is he who is wise in loyalty, and honest in kindness."

As he heard these words he found himself surrounded with light, and he and his shadow became one.



A Personal Word

"History travels in grim cycles and man is broken on the wheel. But the journey is up, not down,—forward, not back; and it is worth travelling! If it were not so, man would have let the wagon mire long ago."—A. S. Brooks.

IT IS MY PRIVILEGE once again to preface the record of a year's community living with a personal word. Inevitably and naturally, since, such a large percentage of our "old boys" are on active service in the four corners of the earth, I address my remarks, primarily, to them.

Our hope is that, sooner or later, this issue of "The Voyageur" will reach all of you; with it goes our sincere wishes for a speedy and successful termination of your labours. It is impossible to keep in continuing touch with you all by letter; I would assure you, however, that you are constantly in our thoughts and prayers. When the record of these years is finally written, I trust that we, on the home front, will be found to have played a part not unworthy of the part that you and thousands of other Canadian lads are so worthily discharging.

My mail brings almost daily evidence of the fact that, for many of you, memories of "the school on the hill" still play a vital part in your lives. I am very happy that even in the stress of the grim business of war you can still think of the job that we are trying to do with and for those lads who sit where you sat in classes or on Sunday evenings—who pound the track—who trample the grass on the south field,—who wander over the snow clad hills of North York—who bask in the spring-time sun, even as you used to do. I am grateful for such advice as the following, contained in a letter from an 'old boy' who has been overseas for a long time and who is presently serving in the Italian theatre—"I hope you can keep those kids you are looking after from getting the wrong idea about this war! The main thing seems to me to be to teach them not to hate—what are we going to do if we try to take revenge on these people after the war? Just as surely as the hatred is sown, we will reap an awful whirlwind afterward—and it is going to be bad enough without that, God knows!" I can assure you that to the best of our ability, and under the changes necessarily imposed by the events of the past few years, it is our endeavour to send forth into the life of Canada and the world young men of high hope and purpose, with clarity of vision to see life whole and unafraid and withal, the courage 'to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield'.

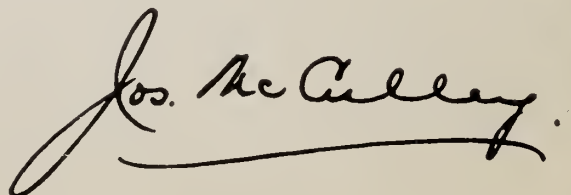
We are listing this year on our roll of service only those names which have not yet appeared in the pages of 'The Voyageur'. The number of 'Old Boys' and ex-members of the staff, of whom we have knowledge, now in the services of the United Nations totals 394. The number of wounded,

missing, and who have died in the service of their country continues to grow. That our school, with its limited numbers, should have lost 34 in action or reported missing is an indication of the heavy price that is being paid to achieve an opportunity to create a world fair and beautiful. To the parents of those who are still reported 'missing' is extended our hope during months of anxious waiting—to those parents and friends of others who will not return goes in fullest measure our affection and sympathy. It is our hope that our work will, in itself, be a constant and growing memorial to them and of their sacrifice but we hope, at the conclusion of hostilities, to express our remembrance of them in a tangible and worthy manner.

At this time however, I wish to thank Mrs. E. W. Wallace for the donation of some four hundred books from the personal library of F/O E. W. Wallace (student 1927-1930), missing after air operations over Malta October, 1942. These books, individually marked as 'the Wallace Collection' are now being catalogued. I also wish to express our appreciation to Mr. T. A. McGillivray who has turned over Sonny's personal savings to the school for immediate use. (Sonny was killed in action during air operations Nov. 19, 1943). This fund will be used to establish the Craig ("Sonny") McGillivray Bursary for annual award. In this way. Ed and Sonny will continue to play their part in the continuing "community" that is Pickering College.

Now that those students who came to us in 1940 or later as 'war-guests' have almost all returned to Great Britain or have joined the services on this side, it would be an oversight if I did not mention the contribution that they have made during the past four years to the life of the school. I trust that they have returned to 'the old land' aware of the larger horizon of the Empire and the Commonwealth and without too much sense of interruption in their academic pursuits; I know that we, on our part, have profited and have enjoyed their presence with us. It is my hope that one result of this war emergency policy would be that some large scale plan of student exchange between Great Britain and the Dominions might be inaugurated after the war.

The following pages provide evidence that one hundred and thirty-five students, their teachers and tutors, and the other members of the school staff have had an active year. This widely assorted and varied activity has proceeded along side of and in correlation with a heavy academic programme. Our examination record on the Honour Matriculation examinations last year was the best in the history of the school—94% of the papers written were passed, 59% of all papers written being with first or second class honours. My grateful thanks is extended to the students—the student committee—the staff, academic and domestic—the Board of Management and its tireless chairman, Mr. Samuel Rogers, K.C.—to all those who have contributed, in any way to the happiness and success of the school year 1943-44. That future years may provide opportunities for still greater successes and wider service is my constant hope.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. McCallery". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

THE VOYAGEUR

VOL. 17

1944

PUBLISHED BY THE STAFF AND
STUDENTS OF PICKERING COLLEGE, NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, CANADA

Added Riches

Ken Warren

“THEY are only loyal to this school, who, departing bear their added riches in trust for mankind.” What are these “added riches”, these intangible ideals which we value so highly, and for which “the School on the Hill” stands.

Here we are taught *tolerance*. Students from nearly all walks of life, and of various races and creeds, have capitalized on their differences, and have learned to work, play and worship together in friendly harmony; behind our familiar façade there is a working model of the longed-for Brotherhood of Man. When we go out into the world, we shall be able to combat the festering sore of racial prejudice with all our might, for we know that it can be conquered.

We have learned to appreciate *freedom of thought and expression*. Through the medium of our elected School Committee, we have learned to govern ourselves and to respect the freedom we have been given. We have been free to express ourselves in the school paper and in our many “bull-sessions”, and have learned to listen and respect the opinions of others; consequently, we shall be able to use good judgment in the handling of that measure of freedom which is our natural birthright.

We believe in *fair-play*. In our athletic endeavours, we have learned to abide by the rules of the game, and to win or lose with equally good grace. We have learned to be honest in all our dealings, and not to take advantage of those who are weaker than ourselves.

Above all, our school stands for *service*. We have learned that real success is not measured in terms of money or of limelight, but in happiness, and that true happiness can only be attained through service to others. We know that we cannot live happily amid surroundings of misery and squalor, and that the “go-giver” is much happier than the “go-getter”. We are aware that there are millions of people in this world who are economically backward and to whom “the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time, has never been unrolled”; that it is our duty, as citizens

of a modern and wealthy nation, to live up to our democratic belief that every man is born equal, and to aid these backward people in the field of economics and of learning.

These ideals are fundamental; they are intangible, but far more permanent and much more valuable than the mere accumulation of factual knowledge. If we sincerely believe in these ideals, and live them in our lives, we shall leave these portals at the beginning of that Second Mile, determined to leave this world, "Not only less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

*"Given to Redeem the Human Mind
from Error . . ."*

THE SCHOOL is very grateful to Mr. J. M. Walton of Aurora (class of 1883), who presented to us a very rare edition of the Bible. The six beautifully engraved, 18 inches by 15 inches volumes were subscribed for in 1791 by eight hundred subscribers, among whom were the King and Queen and many members of the Royal family. It is the request of the donor that they should be used at each Christmas season for the reading of the Nativity lesson, and also during the annual meeting of the Society of Friends.

Mr. Walton also gave us other volumes of equal interest. These include a combined Bible and prayer book, printed in 1736, and a New Testament published in 1598.

The donations were made "as a tribute and memorial to the Society of Friends, founders of the Yonge Street Quaker settlement in York County, Upper Canada, in 1880, their first undertaking being to ensure that there was a Bible in every Quaker home."

We also acknowledge with sincere thanks the "Wallace Bequest" which consists of three to four hundred books from the private library of Edward Wilson Wallace Jr., who was a student here from 1927 to 1930. E. W. Wallace was reported missing over Malta in October 1942.

The late Mrs. Burnside of Toronto left the school two very valuable sets of reference books:—"Americana," and the "Book of Knowledge." We are very appreciative of this donation.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

Educational Priorities in Post-war Canada

*Synopsis of an address delivered by Joseph McCulley, M.A.,
Headmaster of Pickering College,
to the Urban Section, Trustees' and Ratepayers' Department,
Ontario Educational Association, Easter 1944.*

Reprinted from the Canadian School Journal, May, 1944.

THE AXIS NATIONS prepared for war for at least a ten-year period. Similarly, if peace is to be permanent, and just, it must be prepared for. Many people, already tired by the strain of the war years, are becoming equally tired by so much talk of post-war planning. It is imperative however, to think of the responsibilities of education in the post-war period. The more clearly we see our goals, the more effectively will the struggle be waged. Perhaps it is part of our weakness—that millions of people in the United Nations are being asked to sacrifice, to struggle and to die for purposes unsure.

“How valid are the aims expressed in the Atlantic Charter?” asks the common man.

“What about DeGaulle and Giraud?”

“Have we made mistakes in Italy?”

“How truly united are the ‘Big Four’ in our war aims?”

“Are we giving China as much help as we can and should?” and so on.

Even though we may ask some of those questions, there need be no question about the broad nature of the post-war settlement. When we talk of the post-war world we can visualize only one such world—a world in which the Axis Nations have been decisively defeated. One hundred years from now, historians may argue about “causes, events and results” of World War II, but for us there is only one possible answer. We are fighting for *survival*—but for more than physical survival—for the survival of those values in which we believe and for the privilege of transmitting those values to posterity.

No matter what our political differences, no matter what our criticism of the incidentals and details of government programme in the last five years, no one can deny that by her effort and achievement in this period, Canada has earned an honoured place among the Nations of the post-war world.

What kind of a world will it be in which Canada will find herself? What are the values, so important, that we believe them to be worth the incalculable cost of these war years? It must be a world in which the principles of democracy have full sway.

But what is "democracy"? It must be more than a perpetuation of the "status quo". It must be better than the world we knew between 1919-1939, of boom and depression, of maladjustments, economic and political. Democracy must mean more than a slogan such as Hitler's New Order or Japan's Co-Prosperity Sphere. Democracy has meaning. Five basic minimum essentials are:

General Welfare

*"Democracy prizes a broad humanitarianism, an interest in the other fellow, a feeling of kinship to other people more or less fortunate than oneself. One who lives in accordance with democracy is interested, not only in his own welfare but in the welfare of others—the general welfare.

Civil Liberty

Democratic behavior observes and accords to every individual certain "unalienable" rights and certain inescapable corollary responsibilities. One who lives in a democratic way respects himself. And to self-respect he adds respect for the moral rights and feelings of others, for the sanctity of each individual personality.

The Consent of the Governed

Democratic processes also involve the assent of the people in matters of social control and the participation of all concerned in arriving at important decisions. This implies that all the people must have access to the facts which will help them to reach wise decisions.

The Appeal to Reason

Peaceful and orderly methods of settling controversial questions are applied by a democracy to matters of national and international policy as well as to private disputes. The callous use of force and violence is rejected as unworthy of a civilized people.

The Pursuit of Happiness

Finally, democracy sets high value upon the attainment of human happiness as a basis for judging the effectiveness of social life."

These values are the basic values which must be preserved for the post-war world. If not, the gains of many generations will be lost and the present struggle will be ultimately meaningless.

The school, or to put it more broadly, education is the means by which these values are to be realized. What are the educational objectives by which these purposes must be realized? Educational objectives are many and varied—for example, to get ahead in the world; to improve on the position of parents; to improve social status. The parental wish is often as follows:—"the noble wish to save all earnings to the uttermost and give his child a better bringing up than his had been."

*"Purposes of Education in American Democracy"—National Education Association, U.S.A.

Four objectives of education mentioned by the Educational Policies Commission are:

Education is Concerned with the Development of the Learner

"The first role, or phase of total behavior, is that of the educated person. Conduct in this field is centred on the personal development, growth, and learning of the individual. It includes his use of the fundamental tools of learning, his health, his recreation, his personal philosophy. The placing of these objectives first in the list is not accidental. They deal with the development of the individual himself. In a democracy this field is of supreme importance. Success in this role conditions one's success in every other phase of life's activities. The purposes of education which fall into this area of total behaviour are referred to as the objectives of self-realization.

Education is Concerned with Home, Family, and Community Life

A second area is that of home and family relationships with their immediate and natural extensions to neighbours and community. Educationally the home is the most powerful, as it is perhaps the oldest, of all social institutions. Good homes and good communities are the basic units of democracy. The activities of the educated individual which relate to these immediate, person-to-person contacts are, therefore, grouped together as objectives of human relationship.

Education is Concerned with Economic Demands

The next aspect of the activities of the members of a democratic society includes the economic sphere—the creation and satisfaction of material wants. Here we consider the education of the individual as a producer, a consumer, an investor. The importance of such education in providing the indispensable material basis for comfort, safety, and even life itself is clear. The objectives within this general area are classified under the heading of the objectives of economic efficiency.

Education is Concerned with Civic and Social Duties

Finally, there are activities of the educated citizen. They involve his dealings with his government—local, provincial and national—his relationships with the peoples of other nations, and his other "long-distance" contacts in large scale collective enterprises. This field of activity is served by education through the objectives of civic responsibility."

These objectives are not mutually exclusive. Rather they represent four approaches to the task of education, giving us a comprehensive view of the whole. Some of these objectives are shared by other agencies, the home, the church, etc. At times their realization is hampered by agencies in the community which indeed educate but not always towards these ends.

However, from the vantage point of these objectives and keeping in mind the fundamental desire to develop a democratic Canada in a democratic world order, what are a few of the priorities in a programme of education in post-war Canada? They are as follows:

Health

The high percentage of men rejected for the armed services on the ground of health should give us some cause for concern. Many of the defects could have been remedied in childhood, and therefore many of them are unnecessary. No community can longer afford to be without complete medical inspection and adequate medical and dental services including a free and adequate immunization programme. In many areas it may be necessary to correct diet deficiencies by provision of school lunches or portions of them to balance what the home provides. There must also be more adequate training in health habits, more adequate provision for participation by all children in games programmes. This programme should not consist only of "physical jerks" in the classroom or playground in the same clothes in which they resume their work. In the simpler environment of former years there was adequate play space, but in large cities today, special provision must be made.

Mental Health

Teachers' attitudes frequently show a lack of concern for the child "as a person." This must be corrected. We have tended too much to try to fit most children into a preconceived mould or pattern. A man in the army may be discharged as "unlikely to become an efficient soldier". The school cannot discharge any pupil as unlikely to become an efficient citizen. It is our task to discover the child's needs and capacities and provide a programme that will enable him to use those capacities as a useful member of society. This will involve: (1) Reconsideration of our whole programme of teacher-training with less emphasis on subject-matter content and more on child nature and psychology. (2) Extension of guidance programmes, which should not be just vocational guidance but guidance in the whole task of adjustment of the individual to the school and the school to the individual. In the modern school, guidance is a "must". (3) Diversification and extension of courses for the exceptional child, both sub- and supra-normal. Auxiliary classes for defectives are fine, but we also need auxiliary classes for our leaders. Democracy has almost invariably crucified its real leaders and left the masses of the people a prey to the ravings of the soap box demagogue. A recognition and adequate training of our potential leaders in Canada is one of our greatest needs.

Development of "a sense of community"

This in itself may seem a nice, harmless phrase, but it is important to Canadian Unity. Are we a nation, or a collection of isolated, independent provinces, suspicious each of the other and jealous only to preserve our petty individual privileges? If democracy is really to function in Canada, we must develop a sense of Canadian unity. Canada has responsibilities in the world of today and tomorrow. No matter how it is to be achieved, we must function as an integrated, self-respecting, united nation. Canada should have a federal bureau or office of education, not to eliminate provincial administration, but to set minimum standards, to act as a clearing house for educational ideas, to correlate curricula and standards and to promote inter-provincial understandings and appreciations.

Equal Educational Opportunity

No Canadian child should be denied educational opportunity because he lives in one province rather than another. The Federal Government has the major taxing power and should employ this power to secure equalization of opportunity over the whole country. Federal grants-in-aid, as are used in the re-establishment of veterans and also in technical education, could be employed. Scholarships and bursaries, dominion, provincial and private, should be extended.

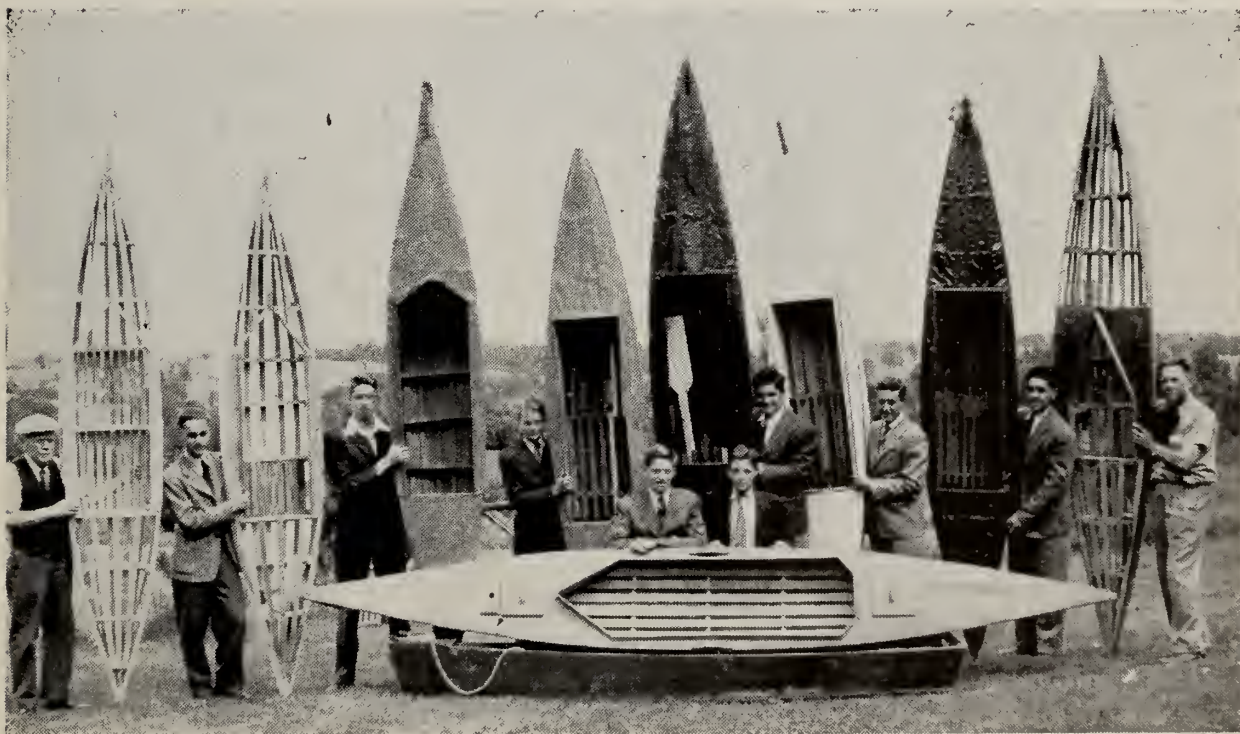
Adult Education

Education is a continuous process and should not stop at the end of school life. It should be continued into adult life.

Increase in the Number and Quality of Teachers

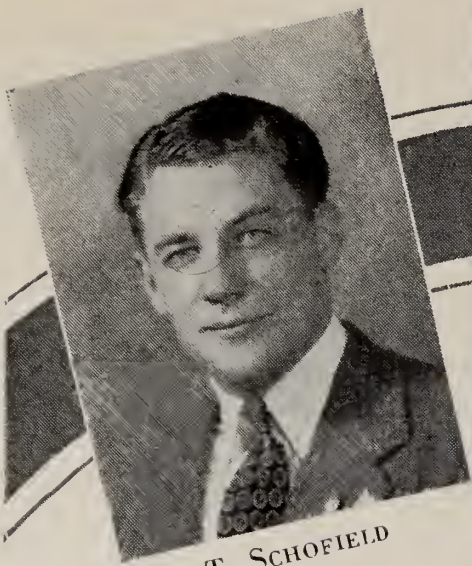
There is a great need for an increase in the number and quality of teachers together with an improvement in their economic status. The report of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association recommends a median salary of \$1,321.

We pay any amount to win a war. This programme and other necessary improvements means doubling our present Canadian expenditures on education. Can we do it? We cannot refuse to do it and survive as a democratic community in the world of tomorrow.



BOAT BUILDERS

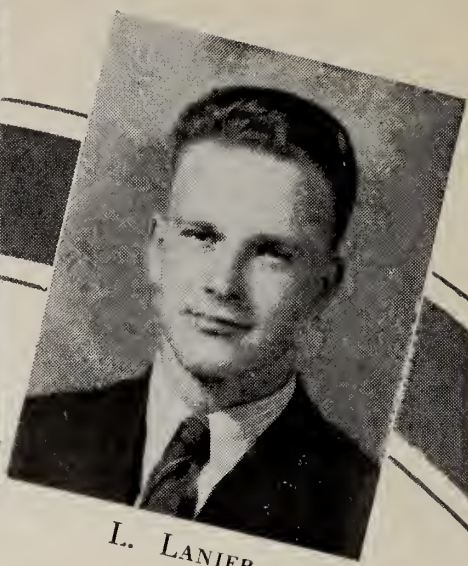
We had one of the "best years ever" in the Craft shop. The building of kyaks and punts featured the spring term. Shown in the picture are Mr. Maitland, Spaulding, Crowther, Lloyd, Thomsen, C., Mooney, Maguire, Marshall, Cook, Mr. Renzius



T. SCHOFIELD



P. SCHOPFLOCHER



L. LANIER

We Pay Tribute

To those students whose effort in various fields of endeavour has brought recognition, both within and without the school.

MCDOWALL PRIZE in Physics—Queen's University—Honour Matriculation examinations, 1943, PETER SCHOPFLOCHER.

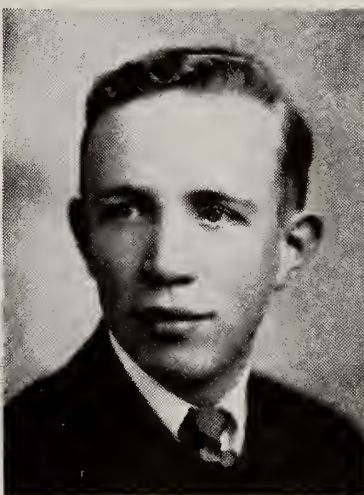
ANDREW J. DAVIS, BUSINESS SCHOLARSHIP, DAVE JONES.

GARRATT AWARD—Chosen from their number by the members of the Graduating class as most representative of the aims and ideals of the school: TOM SCHOFIELD, LOU LANIER.

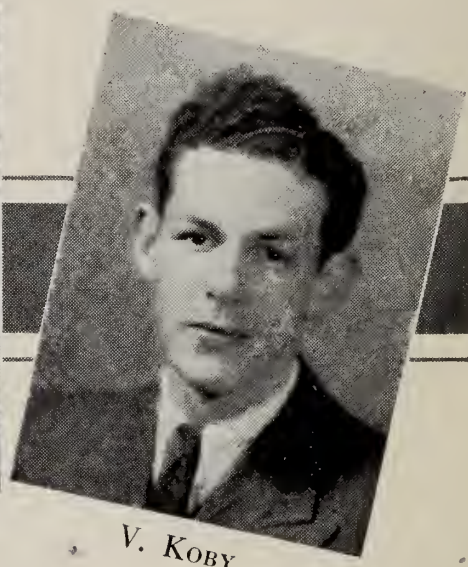
WIDDRINGTON AWARD—Chosen by the staff from the Graduating class for "notable contributions to community life": WILF COUTU, DAVE JONES, VIC KOBY, TOM RUSSEL, TOM SCHOFIELD, JACK STRUTHERS, KEN WARREN.



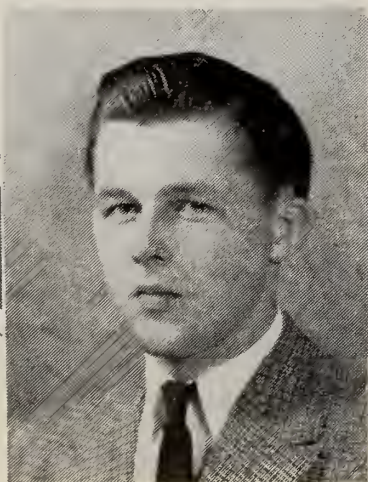
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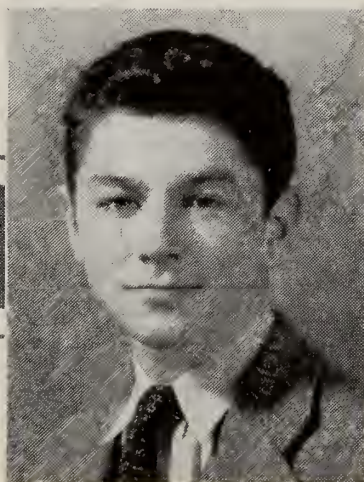
D. JONES



V. KOBY



T. RUSSELL



J. STRUTHERS



K. WARREN

Notes on Pedagogues and Such

WE WOULD like to congratulate Mrs. Buckley on her remarkably precise timing of her appendicitis. She managed to have her operation the day after school left for the Easter vacation, and was back on the job when we returned, and with her loyal followers of Chiangkaishek, saw that we obtained our proteins, carbohydrates, and vitamins in the form of a tasty dish.

We have with us this year two youngsters who are about to reach the ripe age of four. They are Roger Miller, and Jock Coulson, sons of Old Boys in the forces. Their fathers have achieved distinction as aces in aquatics. The boys are being trained for life by the ever smiling Mrs. Hagan.

The fact that Mr. Renzius' remarkable community spirit has been appreciated by the town of Newmarket is shown in his being elected to the Public School Board, and also in his being vice-president of the Horticultural Society. Rudy, as usual, is planning to spend the summer by rejuvenating our battered building, with the help of his efficient staff.

Another member of "the beloved community", who is bracing himself for pleasantly relaxing holidays is the Headmaster, who will spend the best part of the summer in his office, preparing the school for the Fall Term.

Messrs. Rourke, Blackstock, and Jackman, who obviously cannot escape their vocation, are going to spend the holidays at Camp Mazinaw. Fred Marx and Tom Schofield will also be on the staff of that "perfect camper's paradise in the midst of scenic Canadian woods." (from the prospectus).

Some members of our community, unlike Thomas Ward, are not afraid that "they will become mad out of too much learning." Mr. Beer is taking post-graduate work in French, at the Summer School of McGill University; Mr. Mosey is attending a similar course at Columbia, and Tom Myers was at National Life Camps, participating in a Camping Education Institute. He is now Assistant Director at Bolton Camp.

The best of luck to Bob Campbell, who is leaving the employment of the school in order to serve the King. His good nature and willingness to help others will be hard to forget.

We must also say good-bye to T. E. Reynolds, who is leaving us to continue his studies. Good luck, Ted! By the way, Ted and Mr. Ross are spending the summer in the vicinity of New Orleans, checking on banana transports.

Many thanks are due to Miss Ancient for her devoted care for our younger brood, and also for tirelessly pouring thousands of cups of coffee and tea throughout the year.

What would the school be like without our office staff? Thanks a lot, Mrs. Streeter, Miss Richardson, Phyllis and Helen, for a thankless job, well done.

Those of us who had to grapple with the grippe will well remember the comfort and care given us, by either Miss Baker, or Mrs. Ainsworth. Thank you very much, ye Angels of Mercy!

Congratulations, Reg. Godden, for your success in promoting friendship for Russia in Toronto, and good luck in California!

We wonder if it was a common interest in books that brought together our bursar and librarian. While Reg. sheds "blood, sweat, toil and tears" over his accounts, Mrs. Green is ever willing to assist the boys who need help in the library.

Editorial congratulations to B. W. Jackson for leading the First Basketball Team to victory in the Toronto and District Championship.

Much credit is due to Fred Hagan for an excellent season. He participated in numerous art exhibits in Toronto, gave a demonstration of the art and craft of lithographing for the Canadian Society of graphic Arts at the Toronto Art Gallery, exhibited with a group of twenty Canadian Artists at Philadelphia, Pa., and was recently invited to exhibit some of his work in an exhibition of contemporary Ontario art at Quebec City and Ohio State, U.S.A.

Mr. Bunt, always drawn to things American, is teaching at Cranbrook School during the summer.

We are sorry to say "au revoir" to Mrs. Scott, who finds that her marital ties force her to leave us in order to be able to live in Toronto with John Scott.

Congratulations, Mr. Darling, for a great year. We are looking forward to seeing you in the Fall.

The prose poem on the frontispiece is from the facile pen of John Meisel, the editor of this volume, whose modesty forbade acknowledgment. John came to us three years ago from Czecho-Slovakia. For his many unselfish contributions to our school life we are grateful.—J.McC.



Snow Bound



Spring Day



Where's the Apple?



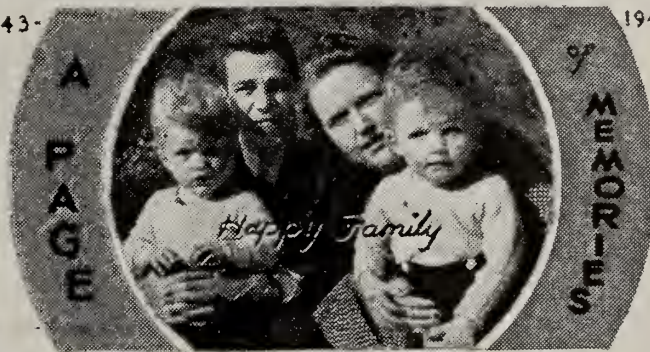
"How'm I Doin'?"

1943-

1944



Hit that line!



A
P
A
G
E

Happy Family

M
E
M
O
R
I
E
S



Track Captains



Budgeon



Konduros



Richardson

Intramural-year Captains



Roby



Moffatt



Russel



Senior Corridor



Old Boy's



"Tweet-tweet"



One of a Dozen

"If You Can Dream" George 'Thurber' McGowan

IT WAS a hot, sultry, mid-May afternoon. Johnny Forsythe sat in the hard chair behind his desk, trying hard to give his full attention to what the teacher was saying about the beauty of Shakespeare's writing. The heat and stuffiness of the classroom numbed his senses, however, and he sank lower and lower in his seat. Still Johnny tried to pay attention, but it was of no use, and finally, giving up the effort, he closed his eyes drowsily. The hum of voices and the click, click of chalk on the blackboard first faded; and then it seemed that the sounds grew louder and louder, until they rose into the excited shouts of men, and the roar of diesels.

- - - "Lieutenant Forsythe, sir," cried a sailor, "periscope to port. She's surfacing, sir." Grabbing the wheel of the M.T.B. Johnny swung her in the direction indicated.

"Make ready torpedo tubes," he yelled. Seconds later a voice came back, "Ready, sir."

"Fire One," ordered Johnny, then almost immediately, "Fire Two."

"Nice timing, sir," exclaimed a junior officer, "got her right amidships. You'll be decorated for this, probably at the palace by - - -."

"Johnny, will you please sit up and answer my question," said the teacher for the second time.

"Oh, - - - uh, sorry" mumbled Johnny, jerking up. "I, - - uh, well, - - er, - - that is."

"Never mind; Campbell, you answer the question." The student rose and began giving a long answer, and Johnny slumped down, the hum in his ears growing louder again.

"Colonel Forsythe will see you now for a few minutes," said the pretty C.W.A.C. at the desk, to the gentlemen of the press. Flocking into the inner office, they fired questions at Johnny with the rapidity of a pom-pom gun. "How did you win the Victoria Cross? - - - Are you going back? - - - When? - - - When will the war end?" - -

"Gentlemen, please!" said the cool voice of the colonel, "What I did was merely in the line of duty. It had to be done and I was the one to do it. Nothing spectacular. I have no views on the war. I am a busy man. Good day!" They left immediately. "What a day!" muttered Colonel Forsythe. "I would much rather be back in Italy than on the staff here. However, orders must be - - -."

"Forsythe, will you please pay attention here," cried the angry teacher. Again Johnny jerked upright and studied earnestly for a few moments, but he soon succumbed to drowsiness and slipped down in his seat, while the sounds of the classroom died out and the humming voice increased.

... "That's Dr. Forsythe, the world famous surgeon," said the President at his annual ball, as Johnny strolled by. The hum grew louder still. A headline proclaimed: 'Forsythe, greatest lawyer of our day, appointed to Senate!'

"Forsythe plans bridge to span Atlantic!"

"Forsythe revolutionizes the world of mathematics." The hum became much sharper and stronger; slowly Johnny realized that a bell had been ringing. He opened his eyes to find the classroom deserted. Picking up his books he sauntered out of the door.

"Some day," thought Johnny, as he strolled down the street, "some day I'm going to be a great man."

Paris Soir

J. Tudor-Hart

M. GIGNAC WAITED. He stared down the Boulevard expectantly, examining each passing face with an eye trained to observe without being conspicuous. Of little interest to M. Gignac were most of the passers-by; the booted ones, who seemed to make a continuous effort to appear natural, with tilted forage caps and loud conversation that shocked the cold and empty streets of the dead city. M. Gignac was an island of mufti amid the green uniforms that surged about the cafe—those uniforms that strove to ignore the terrible loneliness of the invader in the land of the 'fait accompli'.

M. Gignac lazily followed with his eyes each of those whose footsteps were heard approaching down the lane of trees. He was very interested, but very nervous. Although he had been in this game for months, these jobs always made him nervous. The risk was great. He always felt stagey and strained when the time came; everyone's eyes would be on him. He feared that something would go wrong . . . that someone might be caught . . . that someone would talk.

Looking about him he found little reassurance in his surroundings. That sergeant over there, leaning against that tree; what was he doing? Waiting for something? Or someone? Perhaps the same man. M. Gignac was impatient. Why wouldn't the man come and get it over with? He wished he could leave the horrible job. Perhaps this would be the last one. But he had hoped that last time . . . and the time before . . . and the time before that. He was an oldish man now; he simply hadn't the nerve; he couldn't stand the strain.

He had to stop this worrying. It was dark now; the soldiers passed under the streetlamp and entered the cafe to drink away their loneliness. They would notice how nervous he was if he didn't pull himself together.

There was someone now. He was pausing under the lamp to light his cigarette. M. Gignac was nervous as a cat; he started when the match spluttered as it was thrown into a puddle. The man dropped something and

it landed with a little splash in the water. He took no notice, but came over to the table beside M. Gignac and sat down. He pulled the Soleil from his raincoat and read the back page. This was the man: black raincoat, blue tie, back page, cork tipped cigarette; M. Gignac felt sick inside. He was not sure; this was always the most alarming moment—the most difficult decision. Was the man the Englishman; or was he a spy? Everything was as it should be; he would have to take the risk. He reached into his pocket for the maps. But—where was the boutonnière? The red carnation? He should have known it from the start; the Gestapo.

The man was waiting; there was the sergeant, waiting for the signal, waiting for M. Gignac to pull out the maps. M. Gignac was afraid; he was nearer death now than he had ever been before. He rose from his place and entered the cafe. He whispered something to an officer. Like a good French citizen he had reported enemy activity. They would have the pleasure of catching their own spy.

M. Gignac walked out into the night; the man's cigarette was still burning in the ash tray: his paper was trampled on the wet pavement.

And breaking the smooth reflection of the water under the lamp was a red carnation!

Ghosts

by J. E. STRUTHERS

THE WIND in the tall trees sounded like the long sigh of a woman; the rugged oaks on the knoll were like grotesque old men, weatherbeaten and stooped by the force of the winds of many years. I looked back over the valley that I had just left. The village could not be seen, but the river wound its way to the lake, which looked like a pool of mercury shimmering in the pale moonlight.

King stood beside me and sniffed at the air, his head high, his body motionless. It was comforting to know that you had at least one friend that would never let you down. A dog always understands.

We turned off the main road onto a narrow, gravel side-road. The grass was growing in the centre and it appeared to be little used. I felt the keen spirit of the night, and the youthful lust for adventure made my blood surge through my whole body. I ran, only because I felt like it, and King trotted along with me. We must have gone for nearly a mile at this steady pace, and still I was not tired. Then the road turned, and there before me was an old stone house. It gave me a slight start at first; the sight of a house was so unexpected in a place like this.

Let's go in, King!"

The dog sauntered up the stone path ahead of me making his own personal inspection.

It was an old, Victorian structure with a long verandah along the front and intricate carvings on the eaves and gables, probably built by some old retired farmer in the days when they had large families and a great deal of money.

We went in. I walked over to the ancient piano and sat on the stool. Everything seemed as if it had been left the day before, except for the layer of dust that covered every piece of furniture in the place.

Suddenly the door blew shut with a terrific slam. A picture left its mooring and crashed to the floor. King growled. Then we both listened; there was a soft padding of feet in the room beyond the archway. I turned sick at my stomach. Then I heard the same soft padding on the stairway. I felt something touch my foot. I leaped for the door, but became entangled with King. He charged under the piano and losing my balance, I toppled upon the keyboard. It was like the climax of a great symphony! The tones roared in my ears and became overtones; scores of ghosts danced in my imagination. Regaining my senses, I dashed through the doorway and King followed. In his mouth was a huge rat!

We walked back along the old road. The spirit of the night was no longer present. I had lost all that zest for adventure. It was cold anyway. As King trotted along beside me again, I could see something in that canine face that almost suggested a grin.

Have We a Country?

WE ARE OFTEN TOLD that Canada is not a country, but a heterogeneous combination of provinces with separate aims, separate desires, and separate interests, and to a certain extent this is true. In religion the French Canadian is very different from the sturdy Protestant of Ontario, and in politics he is very apt to act in a different way. In business affairs the interests of the New Brunswicker or Nova Scotian have different connections from those of the Manitoban or the British Columbian.

All this is true and these divergences are great difficulties in the path of those who aim at building up a distinct and living nationality in this northern part of North America; but it seems possible that common hopes, common thoughts, common aspirations may yet unite Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and British Columbia, Catholic and Protestant, East and West into one common harmonious national life. It is a common saying that no nation is ever thoroughly welded together until it has had its own baptism of blood and fire. Are we getting ours now? Certainly the sight of men from all the different provinces fighting bravely side by side, and laying down their lives on the distant prairie so that law and order may prevail, and the Government to which we all owe allegiance may hold its sway, cannot but do much to join us together and make us feel that we are all fellow citizens and brothers, subjects of the one Government, Citizens of the one country.

—From the *College Cabinet*, a manuscript newspaper read to the students of Pickering College in the Spring Term, 1885. It is reprinted here as a matter of interest.

Chapel . . .



Two of the most memorable of our weekly chapel services this year were the Christmas Service and the graduating service. The Christmas candle-light service is always an impressive occasion attended by large numbers of parents and friends and with special music provided by the Glee Club. A new dignity was added this year by the special setting designed by Fred Hagan. The front of the hall was set up as the chancel of an English village church with simulated stained glass windows showing scenes of the Nativity. It provided a most suitable atmosphere for our traditional Christmas service.

Photographs of a large number of the "old boys" and the school honour roll were used for the graduation service, the closing service of the school year. In this way we had represented members who had travelled on to larger fields of service and sacrifice but who are still members of our "community." They had participated in this service in previous years and had heard the headmaster challenge the graduates "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

We would like to express our deep appreciation to the members of the staff, who along with the headmaster, addressed us at our Sunday evening assemblies. Owing to difficulties of transportation we had few outside speakers but we will long remember the stirring and thought-provoking address of Rabbi Feinberg of Toronto and the deeply personal and helpful message of Dr. Bernhardt during the spring term.

Glee Club . . .



CAST OF "THE MIKADO"

THE "VOYAGEUR" this year almost had to appear without a write-up of "The Mikado." The other day I saw a chap running around the school, stopping everyone he met, saying:—"I've got you on the list, I've got you on the list!" When he came to me, he explained that the bloke who was to write a criticism of the operetta left the school one morning singing:—"On a tree by a river a little tom-tit, sang 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'!" He also said that nobody wanted to write anything for him and that he was about to use his snickersnee in order to persuade someone to do it. I took compassion on the poor editor, for that is who he was, and agreed to write this article. So "here's a pretty state of things, and here's a pretty how-de-do!"

The Glee Club's "Mikado", once again, was a musical and theatrical treat of a very high standard. The girls' chorus was a new one and gave an excellent performance. The director, in his own inimitable way, managed to put the show together, in spite of his illness. The primadonna was her usual charming self, both on the stage, and when helping to train the chorus. Katisha, who had started her musical career years ago on a trip to England, added new laurels to her name. Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing were most charming little maids from school; the latter's experienced acting, and delightful voice added much to the success of the show. The student roles of Pish-Tush, Pooh-Bah, and the Mikado were handled very well; Pish's voice was very melodious, Pooh's domineering 'tremendous swell' had the audience in tears, and the Mik's diabolical laugh frightened it out of its wits. Nanki-Poo really "bedewed the checks" of all in his fine performance. It is not necessary to comment on Ko-Ko's part in the operetta. It was superb. The boys' chorus lived up to the standard set by previous male choirs of the school.

The men who worked tirelessly on the sets are to be congratulated on a magnificent job.

The Voyager

Thanks are also due to the accompanists, the stage managers, the lighting expert, the wardrobe-men and the make-up artists for enabling the show to run as smoothly as it did.

The cast was as follows:—

<i>The Mikado</i>	-	-	-	JOHN MCCLINTOCK
<i>Nanki-Poo</i>	-	-	-	REGINALD SMALE
<i>Ko-Ko</i>	-	-	-	R. E. K. ROURKE
<i>Pooh-Bah</i>	-	-	-	VICTOR KOBY
<i>Pish-Tush</i>	-	-	-	KENNETH WARREN
<i>Yum-Yum</i>	-	-	-	ALICE ROURKE
<i>Pitti-Sing</i>	-	-	-	BETTY BEER
<i>Peep-Bo</i>	-	-	-	SHIRLEY CREED
<i>Katisha</i>	-	-	-	MAIRE JACKSON

And a boys' and girls' chorus.

DIRECTOR—R. E. K. ROURKE

MUSICAL ASSISTANT—GERALD RUTLEDGE

ACCOMPANIST—GWENDOLYN KOLDOFSKY

SETS—FRED HAGAN, BILL BEACH, WILF COUTU

LIGHTING—B. W. JACKSON

—J.M.



SET FOR ACT II.

“The genuine human boy may, I think, safely be set down as the noblest work of God. There is a generous instinct in boys which is far more trustworthy than those sliding, and unreliable, and deceptive ideas which we call settled principles.”

Charles B. Fairbanks

Dramatic Club . . .



CHARLEY'S AUNT

THIS YEAR the production of our Dramatic Club was outstanding. Weeks of strenuous rehearsals went into the show and the cast certainly reaped the reward of their labours when the big night arrived. The auditorium was filled to capacity with parents, friends and students as the curtain rose on that hilarious play, "Charley's Aunt".

Tom Schofield, as Lord Babberly and the bogus Charley's Aunt, did a fine job of acting and one of which he should be proud. His portrayal of a woman pursued by suitors was particularly good.

John Marstrand, Jack Struthers and Julian Tudor-Hart were excellent in their difficult female roles; for one so reserved and dignified, Marstrand especially distinguished himself.

Fred Marx did his usual fine job of acting in the part of Jack Chesney, and really held the show together. Vic. Koby, as his father, Lord Chesney, gave a perfect impression of an English lord "on the down-grade." The part of Charley was handled very well by Bill MacDonald.

Much credit should go to Mrs. B. W. Jackson for the role of the real Donna Lucia which she played so effectively, especially in showing the deep contrast between herself and Lord Babberly in disguise.

The parts of the college scouts were taken by Dan Kent and Ken Warren, two of our guests from England, and both fitted their roles perfectly. John Bowlby deserves credit for his handling of the part of Mr. Spettigue, the irate uncle of Amy Spettigue. His was a difficult role, since he portrayed a man in a constant state of anger, but John carried the part extremely well.

Orchids should go to Mr. Beer, the director, for a show which would have had even Scrooge in convulsions. I am sure that all who saw it will join in congratulating the cast for an excellent performance.

—G.McC.

School Committee



Standing:—Mr. Beer, Connon, Mr. McCulley, Budgeon, Ivey.
Seated:—Moffat, Coutu, Lanier, Struthers (chairman), Davidson, Russel, Koby.

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE at Pickering, stands for some of the ideas that go together in the making of our community. As a segment of the student body, and elected by it, the committee functions throughout the year partly as a medium between staff and students and in arranging many of the student activities.

The members of this year's committee were all new, but by the experiences of those of former years, were able to continue old policies and introduce some original ones. J. Struthers was chairman throughout the year and T. Russel, W. Coutu, and B. Budgeon held the office of secretary at various times. Two outstanding dances were organized, and were very successful. In its more serious moments, the committee took two chapel services.

The members elected during the school year were Budgeon, Connon, Coutu, Davidson, Ivey, Koby, Lanier, Moffat, Richardson R., Russel, and Struthers.

—J.E.S.

School Clubs . . .

EXCEPT for a brief comment on the highlights of the year, it is impossible to give a detailed account of the club activities.

The Root of Minus One Club conducted an investigation of some of the new inventions which have been perfected as a result of the war. It is also worthy of note that this year marks the inauguration of the Rooters' library.

The highlight of the debating club activities was the spirit of rivalry which came to a head when the conservative Polikon Club went down to defeat at the hands of the young but vigorous Thirty Club. The Polikon Club this year contributed twenty dollars in War Certificates to the School War Memorial Fund.



ROOT-OF-MINUS ONE CLUB

Koby, Coutu, Mr. Marx, MacDonald, Kent, McCowan, Nelles, Russel, Richardson, Mr. Rourke, Ivey, Marstrand, Schofield.



POLIKON CLUB

Standing:—Tetrault, Brown, Struthers, Lanier, Davidson, Mr. Meisel, Budgeon, Mr. Mc-Culley.

Seated:—Foster, Warren, Bowlby, Rose, Connon, Jones, Tudor-Hart.



THIRTY CLUB

Back Row:—Marriott, Aikenhead, Herrington, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Jackson.

Centre Row:—Rivers, Mr. Campbell, Grant, Kemp, Cruickshank, Moffat.

Front Row:—Greenbaum, Thompson, Hersee, Konduros, Harvey.

Graduating Class 1944

THE time has come again to say "good-bye" to our graduating class. Good luck, fellows, and thanks for contributing to the success of the year. We'll be seeing you!

CONNON, PETE—Hercules from Markham. Has been with us for two years. Committee man. Rugby I, Hockey II, and North York Basketball. First colours. Fire Chief all year, Senior Corridor chairman for one term. Polikon Club. Prognostic of future: C.C.F. baiting Forestry expert.

COUTU, WILF—"Grand old man of Pickering", Wilf. completed his sixth year with us. Winner of Widdrington Award. Committee for a term. Senior Corridor's chairman for a term. Rugby I, Basketball I. Enthusiastic skier and traveller to Limberlost. Handles a good bow. Rooter. Stage manager extraordinary. Future? If not trapper, then pillar of his community.

KOBY, VIC—Came to us from England some years ago. Widdrington Award. Committee for two terms. Rugby I (Captain). Year Captain of Blue team. Colours. Pooh-Bah in Glee Club and Fred Marx's father in Dramatic Club. Quaker Cracker. "Suckertary" of Rooters. Prognosis: Socialist socialite surgeon.

LANIER, LOU—This giant from the West came to us only this year. Co-winner of Garrett Cane. Committee man. Chairman of senior corridor for one term. Rugby I, Basketball I. Polikon Club. Prediction: We don't quite know, but he'll always be a lovable big boy.

MCCCLINTOCK, JOHN (J. P.)—Jeighpee has been with us only this year. He has the distinction of being the only student who had a car for any length of time. Mikado in Glee Club. Future (?) Repairing a car(?)

PALMER, BOB—Our representative of P.E.I. Bob came to the school rather late in the year, but proved himself to be quite a brain. S.N.Y. Basketball. Although usually a quiet sort of chap he became eloquent when abusing one of the political parties. Future? Working with aeroplanes.

ROSE, BOB—Another Lethbridge ladies' man. Handsome, suave, self-composed. Made attempts at S.N.Y. Basketball and Hockey II. Manager of First Hockey team. Rolled the tennis courts. Polikon Club. Prediction: A combination of Greer Garson and Charles Boyer.

RUSSEL, TOM—Although it is difficult to believe, Tommie came to us *without* Kennedy. Widdrington Award. Secretary of school committee. Rugby I. Co-captain of Hockey I. Year Captain of Silver Team. First colours. Rooter. His future? Engineer and excellent hubby.

SCHOFIELD, TOM—Tommie came to us this year from East York in the capacity of an athletic tutor. Because of his position on the athletic staff he was unable to participate in games or the student committee. The school's appreciation of his grand work and admirable personality was shown in the fact that he received the Garrett Cane and the Widdrington Award. Distinguished himself in Dramatic Club. Member of Glee and Rooters Clubs. Future career? General practitioner on whose shoulders the parish will cry.

STRUTHERS, JOHN (*Jake*)—Boogie-woogie expert from Port Dover. Widdrington Award. All year Chairman of School Committee. Rugby I. Proved to be an uncommonly attractive girl in "Charlie's Aunt". Polikon Club. His future? Pianist in a Montmartre café, or author of Trig. text book.

THOMPSON, FRED (*Cloud*, or is it *Sky*)—Our gift from the Nation's capital. Rugby I, Basketball I, Colours. Member of the potent but small tenor section of the Glee Club. Thirty Club. Contributed much by letting the neighbours know that Pickering boys sometimes laugh. Vocation: Athletic coach and yo-yo professional.

WARREN, KEN—One of our departing English lads. Widdrington Award. Rugby II. Second Colours. Lead in Glee Club. Dramatic and Polikon Clubs. Debater. Quaker Cracker. Accomplished writer of love letters. Future: Discoverer of something better than penicillin.

IVEY, BOB (*Gar*)—Another handsome P.D. kid. Committee man. Rugby I. Rooters and Glee Clubs. Added much to the rhythm of the school. Future? Breeder of Forget-me-nots or choo-choo impersonator.

AIKENHEAD, TOM—Member of the Business form. Rugby I, and Hockey I. Second colours. Thirty Club. Proved himself to be master decorator. Guess at his career: Owner of another Casa-Loma.

JONES, DAVE—Dignified member from St. John, N.B. Widdrington Award. Played Rugby II, and S.N.Y. Basketball. Member of Polikon and Glee Club. Dave helped to work with the Prep boys. His future: Alderman of St. John.

WIGLE, FRED (*Ubi*)—Another business-man. Football II, Hockey II. Thirty Club. Fred made quite a place for himself in Newmarket. Prediction: Proprietor of small town restaurant and sympathetic father to all drug store cowboys.

GREENBAUM, HARTLEY — Chubby Torontonion. Football II. Rugby II. Manager of Hockey I. One-time member of Glee Club. Enthusiastic member of Thirty Club. Prognostic: Stock broker and generally a pillar of the capitalist system.

(Continued on page 36)

Some Reflections on Receiving "The Voyager" for 1943

IN THE MAILS came a copy of the *Voyager*, the year book of Pickering College. With the very sight of it a flood of memories returned to me, taking me back, it seemed, to another world, an old and good world from which I had long since become estranged. When I opened the book I saw a photograph of Joe McCulley, and read his message, which, in addition to other subjects, sent greetings to all the Old Boys wherever they may be. Continuing to leaf through the pages, I saw a picture of Ward Cornell, who was voted best man for the year, and I recalled how I was a tutor at the school when Ward first entered as a fifteen-year-old junior student, complete with pimples and awkwardness. There were other faces and names that I recalled, some clearly, some vaguely. One page was devoted to those of our Old Boys who have been killed in action. It was a sad, sad page. One of the lads, Doug. Simpson, was a former room mate of mine. Another page was filled with the names of Old Boys who are now serving in every branch of the Service.

The School Magazine brought the war home to me in a way that nothing else has. It seemed as I looked at it that all the effort and care and skill that was put into our education and development there at Pickering was in a sense wasted, since all of us now are engaged in fighting an enemy. But more sober reasoning, separated from emotion, made it clear that no education is wasted, that we were taught the glory of freedom, that we of Pickering turned out men better equipped to fight because they had more to fight for.

Meantime, as I could see from the later pages in the book, the school carries on as a Shangri-la for those lads who are yet too young to fight, that they, too, may spend an adolescence full of nobility and development before being called upon to join the battle. There they were, doing the things that my generation did. They were playing football and hockey and basketball. They were in the annual dramatic production and the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. They were in the various Clubs, they were studying for exams, they were reading in the school library, and they were having bull sessions in their rooms. Surely too, I thought, those bull sessions differed in context and meaning from the ones we used to have. Ours were the ravings of peacetime youths who had little to worry about and were too young to appreciate the scope of world politics and development. These lads, unlike us, foresee that they, too, will be in the Service unless the war should end before they reach the age of nineteen. Then, too, unlike my days at Pickering, there were among the student body some refugees from those ravaged countries in Europe. There was a Czech, an Austrian, a German, some Englishmen. Contact in daily life with lads like that would give the modern Pickering lad something to think about, something bigger and loftier than the things we used to think about.

In the eight years since I was a student at Pickering a great deal has happened to the world at large and therefore to the once patterned way of my life. And so it seems a long, long time since I led the full and carefree life of a student. Yet, on looking back I try to remember myself as I was then, a self-centered, rather foolish kid,—bright when I wanted to be,—lazy and shallow. When I first entered the school I had developed little. But when I left it, although I missed a great deal, I had within me at least the beginnings of a liberal citizen of the world. I was interested mainly in the girls I would be taking to the dances, in what was on at the movies, in what songs were popular. That is true of most kids. But I was also interested without knowing it, in the time I had to think and ponder, to puzzle and plumb the host of mysteries which education created for me. Gradually I was developing a humanitarian interest in my fellowmen. I was beginning to realize that the world was vast and fascinating, and I was tiny and unimportant. Yes, I finally knew that there were things much bigger than I, that there were things so big that a man would die for them.

It is futile to wish you had taken better heed of your opportunities. The past is done. And so I carry on in my own way, and every now and then stop in my tracks a moment to recollect the College on the Hill which gave me my development. And when I do I see the familiar faces of Joe, and Widdy, and Blackie and Bob, and I see a world which has gone forever. And I see the friends I made there, like Morris and Wag and Barry and Don. They are all in uniform, scattered about the world. And they, too, if the magazine reaches them, will take time out to remember gratefully the days they had to develop in an atmosphere of progressive, stimulating democracy. It is my hope that the school continue to function long after I am gone from the earth.

(Continued from page 34)

HERSEE, BILL—The school's greatest lover. Member of the business brain-trust and the Book-of-the-Month Club. Manager of Rugby I. Valuable member of Glee and Thirty Club. Enthusiastic tennis player and court roller. Future: Family man.

KENNEDY, GLEN—Came to us from Albert two years ago. Rugby I. Co-captain of Hockey I. Baseball, lacrosse, First Colours repeat. Was the school's early riser and most ardent hockey and ball talker. Vocation: Goalie.

SANSOM, STU—Another of the English brood. Rugby I. Distinguished himself on the Basketball floor by being the cleanest player on the team. Colours. Helped with Prep boys. Future: Explorer of Northern Canada.

ROLL OF SERVICE

Ex-members of the Staff and Student Body
of Pickering College, on Active Service.

This list includes only the names of those not previously recorded in these pages. We would appreciate being advised of errors or omissions as we are anxious to have our service roll as accurate as possible. Since the outbreak of the war three hundred and ninety three former staff or students have volunteered for active service.

NAVY

ARDENNE, J. F. C.
CALEY, DOUG.
CLARKE, R. BRUCE
COOPER, J. ED.
COTTRILL, DAVID R.
DETWILER, ROBT.

DUTTON, NORMAN
HARDY, NORMAN
HARVEY, CLAUDE
HARRISON, JOHN
HASKELL, DUNCAN
HOSACK, ROSS

IVEY, ROBERT D.
KERMODE, PETER
LANG, MAC.
MOORE, ARTHUR
TAYLOR, RALPH
WIGLE, H. FRED

ARMY

ALLAN, HARVIE
BASH, JAS.
BURNETT, E. B. (NED)
COYLE, JOHN A.
DALY, F. ST. L.
FAULDS, E. M.
GALE, WARREN
HALL, JOHN A.

MILLER, H. F.
MCBRIEN, FRED G.
MC CONKEY, DONALD
MC NICHOL, WALLACE
PLAXTON, GORDON
PHIPPS, DAVID A.
ROSS, G. WM.
SCARLETT, GOWAN

STEPHENS, LLYN
SPAULDING, JACK
SELLEY, CYRIL
STRONG, NORVAL
WALKER, HUGH
WALLIS, JOHN
WOOD, C. A. R.

AIR FORCE

ABRAMS, M.
CARTER, FRED
CLARKE, WM. A.
CROZIER, LLOYD
EGERTON, PIERS
GRANT, MORGAN
GARRETT, KEITH
GRANELL, ED.

KNOX, HUGH
LESLIE, W. W.
LEBROCQ, R.
MOULD, WM. A.
MUTER, FRASER
PRICE, M. B.
PYBURN, GRANT
SLAGHT, PETER

SMITH, W. J. G.
TADMAN, ROBERT
THOMAS, GORDON
TRELEAVEN, WM. R.
WALTON, MICHAEL
WEBB, J. HOWARD
WHITE, GOLDIE
YOUNG, R. R.

AMERICAN SERVICES

BENTLEY, A. N.
BURNS, E. A.
HENDERSHOTT, I. R.
MOFFAT, R. D.

MCINTOSH, KEMP
MILLIKEN, JOHN
SANDERSON, HARVEY
STRAUSS, RICHARD

OTHER SERVICES

CARR-HARRIS, S.
GARDINER, PAUL



1



2



3



4



7



5



6



8



9

1—DIXON BELL

2—DONALD CHARLES

3—JOHN C. CLARKE, D.S.O.

4—CALDER CLELAND

5—F. ST. L. DALY

6—JOHN HUNT

7—PETER MARSH, D.F.C.

8—WILLIAM MAYO

9—CRAIG MCGILLIVRAY

10—JACK MILLIKEN

11—ROBERT MONCUR

12—KEITH H. OWENS, D.F.C.

13—JAMES ROBERTSON

14—DONALD STIVER



10



11



12



13



14

ROLL OF HONOUR

“Such things there be, as love, honour and
the soul of man which cannot be bought with
a price and which do not die with death.”

WALLACE, S. BARTON	HARVEY, JOHN F.	NESBITT, MURRAY
BROOKE, E. F.	HUNT, JOHN B.	RISING, T. E.
CHARLES, DONALD	KENT, DALE	ROSS, DUNCAN B.
CHARLES, JOHN	KNIGHT, ALAN J.	SIMPSON, DOUGLAS
CLELAND, CALDER	MARSH, PETER	SORLEY, JAMES B.
COPP, W. E. (TED)	MAYO, WM. J.	TAYLOR, BRUCE
DALY, F. ST. L.	MILNE, DICK	TICKNER, DOUGLAS
FERGUSON, R. C.	MINCHINTON, ED. C.	THOMPSON, FRASER
FLEMING, GEORGE	MCGILLIVRAY, C. E.	VAUGHAN, LESLIE
GALBRAITH, MURRAY	MILLIKEN, JOHN	WALLACE, E. W.

MISSING

HALL, JAMES D.
MUTCH, ROBERT
ROBERTSON, JAMES A.
STIVER, DONALD

WOUNDED

DIXON BELL
ROBERT MONCUR
DONALD McCONKEY

PRISONERS OF WAR

FRANK MILLS
DAVID PHIPPS

DECORATIONS

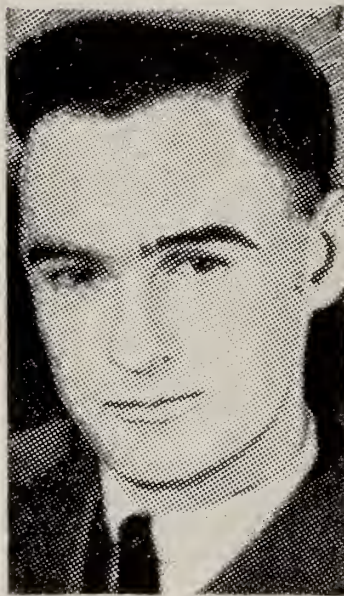
WING COMMANDER WALLACE S. BARTON, D.F.C.
MAJOR JOHN C. CLARKE, D.S.O.
F/LT. PETER MARSH, D.F.C.
MAJOR W. A. OILLE, MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES
F/O. KEITH OWENS, D.F.C.
F/Sgt. W. B. TOWNLEY, D.F.M.



ROBT. FERGUSON

JAS. D. HALL

MURRAY NESBITT



ROBT. MUTCH



R.C.A.F. PHOTOGRAPH

Investiture of F/O Keith H. Owens with D.F.C. by the Governor-General,
the Earl of Athlone, Ottawa, February 25th, 1944.

Senior Football Team, 1943-44



THE SQUAD which turned out to the first practice this year was composed, for the most part, of recruits varying in degree of experience from none to a little. Consequently the season was taken up with the development of players. In this some success had been achieved by the time the uniforms were put away but the team had never really managed to "click" as a unit. Consequently the season was somewhat inglorious in terms of victory for we won only two games and lost five times that number.

Nevertheless the period was productive of experience and development for the various players to the point where one felt that every next game might be the one in which the past weeks of practice and seasoning might bring their pay off in a favourable score. That this did not occur was no discredit to the players. Rather it was to their credit that they managed to maintain their spirit and were not discouraged by frequent losses. They can be assured that in future seasons this year's work will be rewarded.

It might be said too, on the credit side, that the team always played its best when the opposition was strongest and the going the toughest. Perhaps the most outstanding evidence of the team's inexperience was that against the weakest opponents they played their poorest games.

The school is small and we cannot hope to have a winning team every year. In the years that we do not win, then, the best we can demand is that a team works in such a way that it is building players for succeeding seasons. This is always an unselfish and often a thankless endeavour from the individual's view; nevertheless I think it can be said of this year's team that they did not fail their task and that later teams will be successful because the 1943 squad did their part.

Junior Football

THE BEGINNING of the season was somewhat disappointing, for it saw nothing but a series of defeats; however, coach Tommy Myers never lost faith in his team, and by dint of hard work and ingenious plays brought them through to a glorious finish with three consecutive victories.

We shall all remember the outstanding performances of the backfield, especially Ed. Richardson's shrewd quarterbacking, John Bird's "sleeper" plays, which always (well nearly always) caught the other team napping, and Bob Robb's brilliant kicking, which won the game against St. Mike's. But, let us not forget that all these achievements would have been impossible if it were not for the stalwarts on the line, who dug their heels into the mud, gritted their teeth, and said, "Ils ne passeront pas!"

Members of the team were: Backfield: Bird, Foster, Kemp, Richardson, Robb, Rogers, Tetrault. Line: Anderson, Cruikshank, Dixon, Douglas, Gordon, Jones, Kent, Lansing, Maitland, Rivers, Spaulding, Wansbrough, Warren, Wigle, and Williams.

Scores:—

Pickering	32	S. A. C. III	0
S. A. C. II	23	Pickering	6
N. H. S.	11	Pickering	11
U. T. S.	19	Pickering	0
Barrie Srs.	7	Pickering	6
Barrie Srs.	22	Pickering	1
U. T. S.	13	Pickering	8
Pickering	14	St. Mike's	10
Pickering	10	N. H. S.	0
Pickering	5	S. A. C. II	1

KEN WARREN.

Bantam Football

UNDER the able coaching of Ben Budgeon and Tom Schofield some of our younger boys learned rugby's raw rudiments. They had an excellent season, and for a long time were the only undefeated team in the school, until—well, we should skip that point. The Bantams played against St. Andrews, Newmarket High School, and U.T.S. The players made up for inexperience by showing real enthusiasm for the popular Fall pastime, and we are sure that among them is a large number of potential First Team material for future years. The players were:—Abram, Addison, Beach, Cohen, Cook, Crowther, Esplen, Gowdy, Harrison, Hyman, Lloyd, Maguire, Marstrand, McKeown, Rowe, Sansom N., Tudor-Hart, Widdrington, Wilson.

First Hockey Team



The First hockey this year was represented by one of the youngest groups in the history of the school. They had plenty of enthusiasm but lacked in some of the skills that come only by practice and game experience.

GLEN KENNEDY, *Goal*—Co-captain and for the most part played a stalwart game. He was sometimes inclined to be careless on covering the loose pucks. Good on close in shots.

TOM RUSSELL, *Defence*—The other co-captain. He lacked a bit in his skating skills but amply made up for these in his ability to cover a wide area of ice. He was a real worker and had lots of team spirit.

BILL DAVIDSON, *Defence*—A hard hitting, hard playing defenceman. With more game experience should develop into a real top notcher. More games—more control.

ALEX KONDUROS, *Defence*—The fast breaking man of the defence trio. Has the ability to stickhandle and skate. Dandy prospect for another year.

CLARKE KEMP, *Center*—Fastest man on the team and top scorer. When he gains the ability to work with teammates a bit more will have plenty of potentialities.

JOHN BIRD, *R. Wing*—Was second leading scorer and good team man. Still weak on skates will be a good one with more work.

DOUG. CRUICKSHANK, *L. Wing*—The prairie flower, had plenty of speed and could really move when he had to. A bit short on aggressiveness but tried hard.

HUGH GRANT, *Center*—Smooth skater and stickhandler. Scotty was very good defensively but couldn't seem to pay off on the offense. Hard worker.

TOM AIKENHEAD, *R. Wing*—Fast skater and had a fine ability to receive passes and capitolize on them. Still a bit inclined to be erratic.

BRUCE FOSTER, *L. Wing*—Played left wing all year although he is a right shot. Worked hard and deserves credit for his able handling of an unfamiliar position.

STEVE ROGERS, *Center*—Was hurt early in the year and did not have much chance until the last few games. Then he displayed a real skating and play-making ability. Could put on thirty pounds; it would help.

MARC TETRAULT, *Sub Goal*—Marc worked very hard as an extra goalie and though he did not play with the team in a game was always "in there" pulling for a win. His one bad tendency was to leave his net too much.

HARTLEY GREENBAUM, *Manager*—Faithful to the last skate lace. Always on the job, though sometimes other places than the rink.

First Hockey Games 1944:—

Pickering Firsts	No. 1 Headquarters R.C.A.F.	Won	5-2
Pickering Firsts	No. 1 Headquarters R.C.A.F.	Won	5-4
St. Andrews Firsts	Pickering Firsts	Lost	2-1
Cantab	Pickering Firsts	Lost	8-4
Torraville	Pickering Firsts	Lost	3-2
Pickering Firsts	St. Andrews Firsts	Won	5-3
Pickering Firsts	St. Andrews Firsts	Won	4-3
Upper Canada Firsts	Pickering Firsts	Lost	4-0
Pickering Firsts	Torraville	Won	12-3
St. Andrews Firsts	Pickering Firsts	Lost	4-0
St. Andrews Firsts	Pickering Firsts	Lost	3-1
Trinity College Schools	Pickering Firsts	Won	7-5
Pickering Firsts	Grove Firsts	Lost	7-2
Pickering Firsts	Torraville	Won	10-8
Won 7	Tied One	Lost 7	

Second Hockey Team

THE other day as I was talking with some senior students of this noble institution I happened to mention the outstanding part played by the Second Hockey team during the winter term. I was horrified to discover that my alleged friends gazed at me sneeringly and quickly changed the subject to the more victorious First. This amazed me and I resolved to take up my pen and try to the best of my mean ability, to prove to the world the worth of this truly great team. The students who played on the first team are certainly making the mistake of considering a team from a purely material outlook, instead of considering the spirit which the mighty warriors displayed during every battle.

When we gathered in front of our coaching genius, George Ross, we were truly a motley band. None of us possessed any great natural gifts for the game, and none of us had ever played together before. These handicaps did not discourage our indomitable George, for he set to work, and with a patient and scientific hand soon had our team in working order. It was this fine coach that kindled the initial spark in our team which carried us through a depressing season, undaunted.

I do not feel it necessary to mention any individuals in this article, for we played as a unit and thus no individuals earned any special recognition. I feel certain that after reading this appraisal of the Second Hockey team you will agree with us when we say that it was a team of which Pickering should be justly proud.

Second Team Hockey Scores:—

Jan. 18—Aurora 5, Pickering 4
Feb. 2—St. Andrew's 6, Pickering 4
Feb. 9—St. Andrew's against Pickering
Feb. 16—Aurora 6, Pickering 1
Feb. 26—St. Andrew's 6, Pickering 1
Feb. 18—St. Andrew's 3, Pickering 2

Midget Hockey Team

AFTER two or three weeks of practice we were able to get our first game with S. A. C. We were very sure that we were going to win and we got out on the ice in a fighting spirit and we battled long and hard until we finally won by a close score of 3-2. The goals were scored by McKeown, Beach and Wilson. We were pretty proud of ourselves and after a few days we challenged our 2nd team and were able to beat them 2-0 with Anderson scoring both of our goals. Then after a few more weeks of practice we played S. A. C. again. This time, after a hard-fought game, we beat them 5-4 with McKeown scoring 2 goals, Mooney 1, Beach 1, and Lloyd 1. Then

we went down to Toronto to play Grove and were beaten by a very bad score 5-1. Anderson scored our only goal. After that, the ice began to get soft and we did not have any practices but a week after playing Grove we again challenged S. A. C. and were able to beat them 3-1. The line of Addison, Widdrington, and Lloyd was a standout—Addison scored twice, Widdrington once, and Lloyd assisted on all three goals.

After this good season of hockey we would like to extend our appreciation to our coach Bob Campbell who, when the team became downhearted, always had a good word for everyone and so held the team together. We would also like to thank Mr. Blackstock who arranged the games with the other schools.

LINEUP:—

FIRST LINE, *Centre*—I. Wilson; *Left Wing*—P. Mooney; *Right Wing*—J. McKeown; *Left Defence*—W. Beach; *Right Defence*—J. Maguire; *Goal*—B. Gowdy.

SECOND LINE: *Centre*—J. Addison; *Left Wing*—P. Widdrington; *Right Wing*—J. Lloyd; *Left Defence*—D. Anderson; *Right Defence*—N. Sansom; *Goal*—L. Rowe.

SUBS—D. Maitland, H. Douglas, B. Cook, R. Esplen.
Coach—R. Campbell, *Manager*—J. Cohen.

“The spirit of sport is at the heart of this conflict. Shall it express the policies of the totalitarian group which says, ‘Sportsmanship is unrealistic,’ or shall it reflect the democracies ‘with its spirit of rules kept?’ There should be no doubt about the fundamental issues. Let no one be indifferent today to sport, if he is concerned about the question of why we are fighting the war. Its roots lie deep in the culture of democratic peoples, its forms and standards reflect their deep convictions, and its spirit expresses their moods and inner yearnings.”

“Meanwhile England was unprepared—or so everyone believed. The curious thing is that they were prepared in the only important way: they were spiritually prepared. And in the long trial that lies ahead, this is likely to prove their salvation. They were spiritually prepared because they were a race of freemen. They were a race of men and women used to the playing of games, to giving it and taking it too. When their critical moment came, they faced it as only a free race imbued with the spirit of fair play, which is part of democracy, can.”

Senior Basketball



T. & D. SENIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS

THIS YEAR we won the Toronto and District Championship. The actual play off came in a tightly contested series with Etobicoke High School which we managed to take by one point from opponents whose right to the title we would have frankly admitted had the score gone the other way. I think, however, that the team realize that the championship was won long before we ever reached the final games. In other words the single point was only a tangible symbol of a success that was really due to a long season in which the team continuously played a good game; and a harder game than any that was fought out on the actual floor. Here and there, perhaps, a player let up for a little time but in general it was the four month game and the way we played it and not the forty minute one that got us the laurels. Spirit, enthusiasm, hard work, regularity at practice, sacrifices in personal pleasures, all adding up to condition and morale, these made the baskets for us; we only put them through the hoop.

Here are some facts for the record. The team won ten out of fifteen games, but won all the ones that counted. We scored 590 points to our opponents 416. Over fifteen games we made an average of 28% of our field goals and 34% of our free throws. Eighty-five personal fouls were charged against the team but only 8 of these were incurred by the two regular guards.

The Players . . .

MOFFAT, BOB, (Capt. and Centre)—168 points, 40% field goals, 40% free throws, 11 personal fouls. A great team player and the focal point of the team's play. Makes unselfish use of his height and scores when the time comes. Still a little vague about floor movement, but the most valuable player on the team.

THOMPSON, FRED, Forward—146 points., 28% f.g., 20% f.t., 18 p.f. Aggressive and hard-working both on offense and defense. Knows where the basket is but often takes the hardest way to get there. Potentially a great ball-player but still lacks poise and assurance. Should concentrate on fundamentals, passing and body-control.

RICHARDSON, ED., Forward—81 pts., 24% f.g., 32% f.t., 14 p.f. Developing fast into a high scorer. Already a good team man with the possibilities of a floor general. Lacks experience and assurance.

SANSOM, STU., Guard—25 pts., 23% f.g., 42% f.t., ONE PERSONAL FOUL. Strong defensive guard who latterly developed offensive potentialities and began to sense the time to use them. Inclined to have a few off moments in every game. More experience should iron these out.

LANIER, LOU, Guard—25 pts., 32% f.g., 34% f.t., 7 p.f. New to the game this year and developed fast. Needs a pivot and a dependable shot. Rugged and dependable on defense. Another season would make him a great guard.

BUDGEON, BEN, Guard and Centre—67 points., 23% f.g., 47% f.t., 26 p.f. With improved body control and more relaxed attitude he could turn into an invaluable player. Fast, aggressive, determined, a good scorer, and with a fine sense of the game. Great hopes for another year.

KENT, DAN, Forward—52 pts., 28% f.g., 40% f.t., 2 p.f. Inexperience held him back at first but toward the end of the season he began to find the basket and got 38 of his points in 4 successive games. Always a good team player with a developing floor sense. Could be more aggressive. Looking to next year.

COUTU, WILF., Forward—16 pts., 14% f.g., 50% f.t., 1 p.f. Turned in a good season both on the floor and as a plugger for the team. A little slow defensively but developing aggressiveness on the offense.

MCCOWAN, GEORGE, Guard—10 pts., 19% f.g., 18% f.t., 5 p.f. Needs to develop drive and precision in his play. A good sense of the game and with the possibilities of a scoring guard. Emphasis on fundamentals should produce results next year.

Senior North York Basketball

FOR those who are skiing, playing hockey, or who are not yet aces in basketball, a distinguished career is open on the S.N.Y. team. The squad, this year, did not achieve any spectacular success, but it learned a lot about basketball, and found out that more than an occasional practice was needed to make a team out of a number of players. Attendance was rather sporadic and consequently we lost the Manning Cup, which was won last year. Our main opponents were Aurora High School, and Richmond Hill. North York Cagers:—Bowlby, Cannon, Davidson, Herrington, Jones, Kemp, Konduros, MacDonald, McClintock, Moyle, Nelles, Palmer, Tetrault.

Junior North York Basketball

A LARGE SQUAD of beginners came out for this team and slowly got to the place where they could play basketball. As usual the team in this series won few games, but they did have fun playing. Their opponents from Richmond Hill, Aurora and St. Andrew's were certainly better. We have hopes that the players of our team will be able to add to the experience they had this year and turn in a more able performance next season and eventually make one of the teams that will chalk up winning scores. It is from such beginnings that most of Pickering's able players have come. Students who would be basketball players have to look ahead to other years and have to be willing to work and lose often if they would climb the steep slope of Olympus. We will be looking for you up there three years from now. Keep climbing!

The Intramurals

FOR FIVE YEARS the scoring has been dominated by the Silvers. Last year Blackie warned that this domination would probably end and that one of the other teams would take the lead for a change. The Reds took a front place in the scoring in the early part of the year and stayed there for most of it. Not only did they end the year with the top score but they also lead the Blues by a few points in the Sports Day scoring.

The value of the Intramurals is great. In these days when physical skill and fitness are needed it is of importance that every person should have the opportunity to develop them. Skills may be introduced by means of instruction periods to large groups. In the games these skills are put to use and drilled so that they become a part of the ability of the person. From the games comes a fitness of body that can only be derived through the use of the body under pressure.

A good intramural programme also meets one of the prime requirements of a good physical education programme. The days of the star

athletes "showing their stuff" on three or four school teams is gone. Every student in a school should have the chance but he should play games with a group which is of about the same ability. Through the intramural athletics this is possible.

One of the impressive things about our intramural programme was the co-operation the members of each group gave to their team captains. There was always plenty of enthusiasm in the contests. In some classes one team would be weak in the matter of skill, but the players turned out and through participation points helped to keep their team close on the scoring sheet. It is our hope that this interest and enthusiasm will continue after you leave school and that you will go on playing games all the days of your life. You will need the physical fitness then as much as, or more than, you actually need it now. And from the spirit of games will come attitudes towards others that will be necessary in building the world of peace and tolerance and greater happiness that must come in our tomorrow.

Colour Awards 1943-1944

FIRST

P. CONNON
A. KONDUROS

L. LANIER
E. RICHARDSON
T. RUSSEL

S. SANSOM
F. THOMPSON

SECOND

J. BOWLBY
D. CRUICKSHANK
D. CROWTHER
W. DAVIDSON
W. HARVEY
A. HYMAN
C. KEMP

W. MACDONALD
D. MACKENZIE
B. MARSHALL
C. MOYLE
G. MCCOWAN
J. McKEOWN
H. NELLES

J. RIVERS
R. ROBB
S. ROGERS
N. SANSOM
M. TETRAULT
W. WANSBROUGH
F. WIGLE

THIRD

J. ADDISON
D. ANDERSON
W. BEACH
B. COOK
H. EDICHOFFER
R. ESPLÉN

F. GOOBIE
B. GOWDY
J. HARRISON
M. HARVEY
D. JONES
J. LLOYD
J. MAGUIRE

J. MARSTRAND
R. PALMER
L. ROWE
T. SPAULDING
P. WIDDRINGTON
I. WILSON

Sports Day

SPORTS DAY this year was a success. We didn't have to fight the rain and water on the track and field as we did a year ago. The weather was just right and never have the grounds looked so well. We had the colour, the sun, no wind, and above all a well-prepared group of students who were out to break the records.

Usually there is a large percentage of the school participating. This year more of the students took part in the events than ever before. Only some five or six boys who were physically unable were not in the events. Some seventy-four track events and thirteen field events gave every student a chance to take part. While students are limited to five events the average per student was four each.

Most of the school records are high and it is becoming increasingly difficult to change them. These "pressures towards the impossible" resulted in some changes again this year. Moffatt set a new high jump record for the seniors and a new low hurdle mark; Brown changed the intermediate high jump mark by a fraction; Alex Konduros set a new mark in the shot put for the intermediates; McKeown continued to change marks on the junior board by taking a tenth of a second off the 60 yard sprint. At U.C.C. he set a new mark for the broad jump that is going to take a lot of beating. M. Harvey changed the time for the midget 75 yard sprint and George Wilson changed both the times for the Bantam sprints. No doubt future students will get closer to the best possible marks. Someone, maybe you, will do a little better and it is our hope that you will be the person to do the impossible.

The fact that you all prepared so well for the events of this programme resulted in the close scoring and the fine performances. There is a satisfaction and a joy in having a well conditioned body perform under control and direction; from what could be seen on Sports Day most of you experienced that thrill. Sports and games have a real and important place in any scheme of education designed to promote your growth and development. They also have a place in your preparation for living in a democracy.

Colours Re-Awarded This Year

<i>FIRST</i>	<i>SECOND</i>	<i>THIRD</i>
G. KENNEDY	T. AIKENHEAD	D. WADDELL
R. MOFFAT	J. BIRD	
B. BUDGEON	F. BROWN	
	W. COUTU	
	B. FOSTER	

The Preparatory Department

THIS was one of the best years of our Preparatory Department. We had a lot of fun and did a little work too.

Remember how we played soccer in the Fall, and how we skated, skied, and played ball? Remember the classes, the craft shop, Myerstown, the banquet? It will all come back to us, when we are at camp, or at the cottage.

Mr. Hagan had a lot of work with our "Prep. craft shop." We made things out of wood, papier mâché, and linoleum.

The skit club was a lot of fun, too. Some of the boys wrote really good plays that we put on.

The "Prep.-Press" had an excellent year. The boys put out ten issues. Remember the special, secret number in which we gave the life-story of Mr. McCulley? It was a nice birthday present, wasn't it?

Myerstown was a lot of work, but it was worth it. The Seniors certainly enjoyed coming down for our special occasions. Remember the Pioneer Banquet, the Initiation, the building of the fence, the opening, and the circus?

And now we will have to stop remembering these things, for we must report some facts:—

John Addison won the Firth House Award. Congratulations, John, and good luck in the Senior School. Mr. Scott, who left us at Christmas-time, is now teaching at Vaughan Rd. Collegiate. Mr. Darling took his place in Grades seven and eight.

Well, we must say god-bye now. Let's have as good a time next year.

THE PICKERING PREP PRESS

by RICKY ARNOLD,

Editor-in-Chief

THE 1943-44 issues of the Pickering Prep Press were increasingly better than those of former years. For instance, we got two types of print for headlines, a more organized staff, and a chance to produce extra issues. This year we got out nine editions and a combined issue with the Cracker to make the tenth. Next year we are looking forward to an even better paper than this year's, one which we hope the whole school will want to buy.

THE SKIT CLUB

by MIKE ASHTON

THE SKIT CLUB was started in 1942 by Jack Rutherford and Mike Ashton. The first members were Lee Wansbrough, Garth Brians, Alastair Macdonald, Frank Wood and Dave Apple.

The first play we put on was called "The Wizard of Mars". It was not a success but the next one "The Man Who Could Take it or Leave it Alone" was successful.

The first really big play we put on was "Spooks". The following took part in it: Jack Rutherford, Frank Wood, Mike Ashton, Alastair Macdonald, Bill Anthony, Robin Arnold, Bob Prittie and Lee Wansbrough. "Spooks" was long so we didn't do it as well as we would have liked to, but it was more of a success than the others.

This year the first play we put on was called "Saboteurs in the Wilds". It didn't have much plot, but did contain some good acting. We had a realistic looking girl in it. The cast for this was: Mike Hutchings, Frank Wood, Brian Warren, George Wilson, Lee Wansbrough, Hal Jackman, and Pierre Robitaille.

Our greatest success was put on after Christmas this year. It was called "Brother or Money" and was a murder play in which we had a girl (Barry Hall) who really looked the part and was very beautiful. Frank Wood, Jack Rutherford, George Wilson, Mike Ashton, Hal Jackman, Pierre Robitaille, Charlie Vassar, and Barry Hall took part. This was well acted and was a huge success.

The Skit Club has put on many performances, and we hope that it will continue to do so.

PETER BROWN

by BILL ANTHONY

PETER BROWN (he preferred Peter to Mr.) was a man who had a lot to do with Pickering College. He was one of the first men employed by the contractors when they were building. His father came from England and settled near Newmarket. He was born about 1860. He always liked work. Once, when he was young, after he had saved enough money, he walked to the next station and came back on the train because he had always watched the trains and wanted to ride on one.

Peter was born in Newmarket and stayed around practically all his life except once when he went to England to visit his uncle. He was interested in the different methods of farming there.

After the last war he looked after the school for about five years, before it was opened again. When Firth House was built he and Harry Beer moved into position the corner stone which Sir William Mulock was to lay.

He had a keen interest in the school as long as he lived. He was visiting the school once a week and sitting for a portrait by Mr. Hagan when he died. Mr. Hagan finished the portrait from memory after his death.



MYERSTOWN EVENTS, 1944

CHRISTMAS IN HAITI

by ALASTAIR MACDONALD

YOU PEOPLE up here are really very lucky compared to the natives in most of the southern countries.

Last year was my first winter in Canada.

Christmas in Haiti is not at all cold. I used to go for a picnic at the beach. The sun would always give me a burn—my back would be covered with blisters. At about half-past five the tom-toms would start to beat. The natives would be gathering at a party here and there. The old men would be getting out a vicious drink called “claren”. I suppose that you have all heard of sugar-cane. Well, that is what the drink is made from. The native children get few or no toys. They might get a puppy or a bird. Their dinner is usually some rice, beans, and boiled bananas.

When it gets darker they get wilder and you can see them dancing. They sing and yell until their claren gives out.

I used to wish that some snow would suddenly come down. That wish never came true.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

by BILL ANTHONY

“Oh what a beautiful morning,
Oh what a beautiful day,
Oh what a beautiful morning
Everything’s going my way” — —

HERE the fox stopped. “What lovely grapes,” he exclaimed, and jumped, but came within a few inches of them.

And there, as if to defy him, a sparrow was lazily pecking at those luscious, vitamin-filled grapes shining in the blazing sun.

The fox jumped again but there the grapes were, and there pecking at the grapes, was the sparrow, with a mischievous face such as Mercury might have worn.

The fox tried to be still in the hot sun and forget about the grapes, but he could not rest, so he gathered himself for a leap and he leaped such a leap as a leopard never leaped, and he **STILL** couldn’t get at those grapes.

“It’s no use,” he mumbled, “Darn those grapes. Why should I bother about them? They are probably sour anyway!”

So he loped away mumbling,

“Oh what a heck of a morning,
Oh what a heck of a day,
Oh what a heck of a morning,
Nothing is going my way”.

“Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from the morning play
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and dreams of things to be.”

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Marriages

HELEN EWART BEATTY—DONALD JAMES KYLE,
September 4th, 1943.

ELEANOR BALD—WALLACE GUBERMAN,
October 12th, 1943, at Montreal, Que.

BETH MARGARET FREHSE—HARRY AKERS CARTER
October 16th, 1943, at Detroit, Mich.

MARIAN FRANCES MACCONNELL—BARRIE ALEXANDER BRAWLEY,
October 19th, 1943, at Belleville, Ont.

BETTY PRICE—MICHAEL HARRIS,
December 21st, 1943, at Corunna, Ont.

HARRIET EMILY HOWES—ARTHUR ELMER MCCREA,
January 12th, 1944, at Simcoe, Ont.

PATRICIA ELEANOR PARK—GEORGE WARREN CAMPBELL,
March 4th, 1944, at Hamilton, Ont.

ETHEL MARGARET HUNT—LLOYD WEEKS,
April 14th, 1944, at Vancouver, B.C.

HAZEL HOTCHKISS—CHARLES HARVEY,
May 20th, 1944, at Toronto, Ont.

RUTH IRENE PINEL—JOHN HANNA SPAULDING,
May 27th, 1944, at Toronto, Ont.

MARGARET RUTH BALDOCK—WILLIAM ELDRED TODD,
June 17th, 1944, at Brampton, Ont.

ELSIE JOAN EYNON—WILLIAM FRANCIS GRAHAM,
June 17th, 1944, at Ottawa, Ont.

Births

MILLICHAMP—To Mr. and Mrs. John Millichamp, April 30th, 1943, a son.

PARTRIDGE—To Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Partridge, June 1943, a son.

IDE—To Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Ide, a son, Richard.

DORLAND—To Dr. and Mrs. Rodger Dorland, Aug. 14, 1943, a son, John Calder.

BOOTH—To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Booth, Aug. 29th, 1943, a son, Raymond Lewis.

HALL—To Mr. and Mrs. James Hall (in England), on Sept. 17th, 1943, a daughter, Judith Ann.

DAVIDSON—To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. B. Davidson, Oct. 13th, 1943, a daughter.

HARRISON—To Mr. and Mrs. John Harrison, Nov. 28th, 1943, a daughter, Wendy Jane.

HERDEGEN—To Lieut. and Mrs. Robt. T. Herdegen, Jr., on Dec. 8, 1943, a daughter, Martha Jane.

SANDERSON—To Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sanderson, a daughter, Wendy.

MILLER—To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Miller, on March 29th, 1944, twin daughters.

BUSCOMBE—To Mr. and Mrs. W. F. M. Buscombe, April 6th, 1944, twin daughters.

GOLDRING—To Mr. and Mrs. John E. Goldring, April 13th, 1944, a son, John E. Goldring III.

SAGER—To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sager, May 1st, 1944, a son, John LeRoy.

BLACKSTOCK—To Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Blackstock, on July 17th, 1944, a son, Richard Syme.



GRADUATION SERVICE—JUNE 11, 1944

(See Article "Chapel," page 26)



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This were a greater sin against
That hostage of your living breast,
Than to arouse all the world
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At something you believe your
quest

And stormed the skies and suf-
fered pain for

And fell and cursed and fought
again for.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

(This space contributed by a friend)

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